FIRST COMICS
SEPT 63
$1.95

MIKE BARON • STEVEN BUTLER • RANDY CLARK

BADGER

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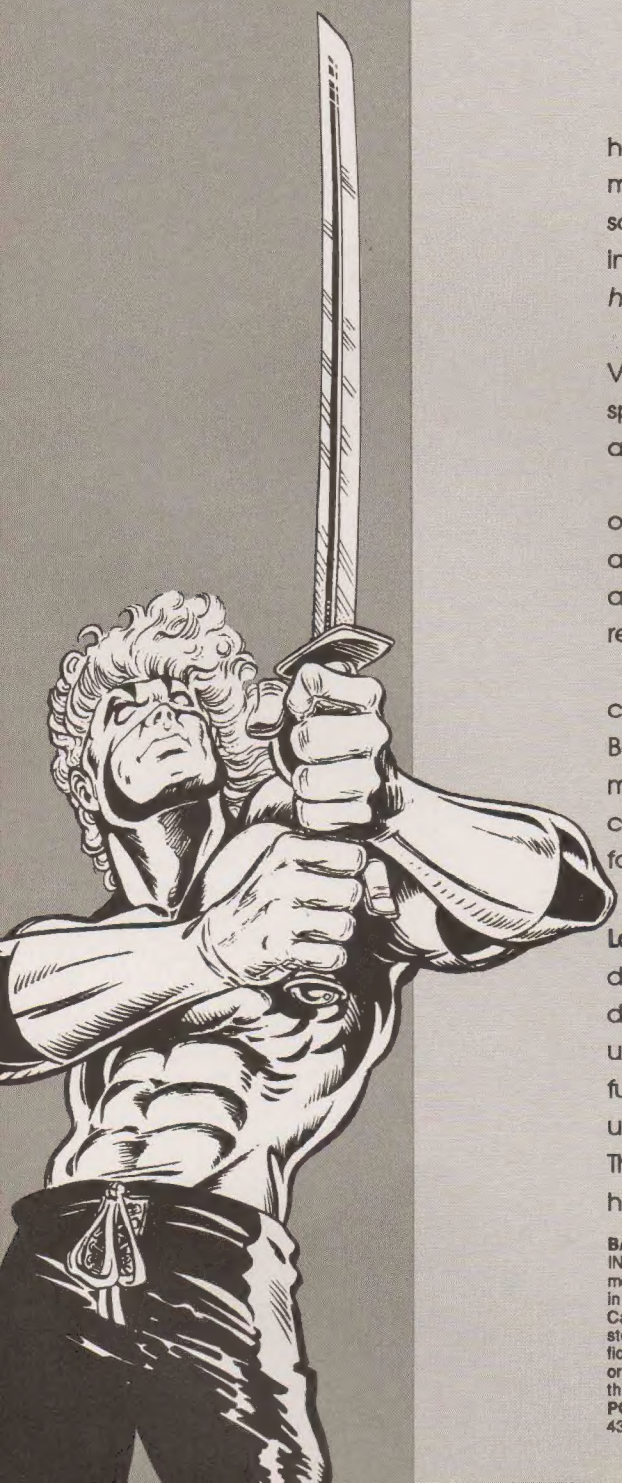
BADGER™

CREATED BY **MIKE BARON**



A self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, the **Badger** metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks — in fact, *any-damn-body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

Last Issue: Badger's mother died. He subsequently discovered that her remains were burned with dozens of others for their gold, metal, etc., and her urn is filled with ashes from a charcoal grill. The funeral directors responsible are smuggling heroin under the guise of bringing dead MIAs back home. Their hotshot martial artist, **Shanks**, determined to pit his Buddha's Palm against one very angry Badger.

BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 63, September 1990. Published by FIRST PUBLISHING, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: $1.95 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: $23.50 in the U.S., $25.50 in Canada, and $45.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

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ian **TETRAULT** COLORIST

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RILEY'S UPSET AND HE WASN'T EVEN IN THE ARMY!

IT'S TRUE SCHNEIDER JUNIOR KNOWS NOTHING OF HONOR, AND I APOLOGIZE FOR THE GRAVE INSULT TO YOUR FAMILY.
NEVERTHELESS, MY FATHER HAS GIVEN HIS WORD TO SCHNEIDER SENIOR AND I MUST GO ALONG. NOR DO I THINK MY APOLOGY WILL SATISFY YOU.

HEY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT HONOR?
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, JUNIOR! YOU MAY HAVE YOUR CHANCE LATER.

HEY, BADGER, ARE YOU GONNA POP THIS GUY SO WE CAN GRAB SOME BREAKFAST? GO ON BEFORE I DO IT FOR YOU.
PERHAPS HE FEARS MY BUDDHA'S PALM.

SHOW ME THE BUDDHA'S PALM.
AS YOU WISH.

WHOOOSH
BAP
BOK
WHOM
KRAK

WITH A HEY-NONNY-NONNY AND A HOT-CHA-CHA! I STEPPED ON YOUR NOGGIN AND STOMPED ON YOUR PAW!
YOU THINK YOU CAN BREAK IN HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT--YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE!
SHUT YOUR FACE, JUNIOR. I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU.
YOU COULDN'T TAKE ME IN A FAIR FIGHT.
OH YEAH?!
YEAH!
DON'T YOU POINT AT ME...
HEY!
HEY SHANKS, SIDDOWN!
KRSH
KRSH

OUCH! GODDAMNIT!
WAY TO GO, SHANKS!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO TOUGH...
WHAP
I AIN'T DONE WITH YOU, PAL...HASTA LA VISTA!
RILEY! WHERE ARE YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THAT SHANKS GUY...HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF WHAMMY...
ALL MY LIFE I'VE SOUGHT INTERNAL POWER...HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING LIKE IT SINCE WE FOUGHT HOP LING SUNG AND HIS BOYS.*
COME ON--LET'S GET GOING.
*BADGER 31, 32.
CLARK CERAMICS
IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT.

DADDY! DAMNED SYKES AND HIS GANG FOUND US! THEY HAD AUTOMATIC WEAPONS! WE'RE LUCKY WE ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYIN', JUNIOR? SHANKS, WHAT'S HE SAYING?
IT'S TRUE. BADGER AND A BLACK MAN WITH A SEMI-AUTO. THEY TOOK US BY SURPRISE.
OKAY...WE CAN STILL CONTROL THE DAMAGE... OBVIOUSLY, IF SYKES HAD ANYTHING SOLID, HE'D GO TO THE COPS.
HE WON'T GO TO THE COPS BECAUSE HE'S NUTS!
I'LL DEAL WITH SYKES!
YOU? YOU COULDN'T HANDLE HIM TONIGHT.
THAT WAS NOT A TRUE MATCH. AFTER A MINUTE I WOULD HAVE DESTROYED HIM.
YEAH, RIGHT. THE FAMOUS BUDDHA'S PALM. TELL YOU WHAT, SHANKS, I'LL TAKE SYKES AND YOU CAN WATCH.
CAN IT, JUNIOR. NEITHER ONE OF YOU SHOULD GET INVOLVED. YOU BOYS MAY HAVE TO GO UNDERGROUND FOR AWHILE...
START PACKING. I'M CALLING SHANKS' FATHER.

GOOD MORNING. MAY I SPEAK TO MISTER SHANKS, PLEASE?
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.
I'M SORRY. MISTER SHANKS IS OCCUPIED. CAN I HAVE HIM RETURN YOUR CALL?
THIS IS LEMAR SCHNEIDER IN WISCONSIN. I NEED TO TALK TO HIM ASAP. YOU TELL HIM WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY HERE.
I'LL BE CERTAIN TO TELL HIM, MISTER SCHNEIDER.
KNOCK KNOCK
MASTER, MISTER SCHNEIDER WANTS YOU TO CALL HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

BUMP!
SHREETA, I'VE ASKED THAT WE NOT BE DISTURBED.
I APOLOGIZE, MASTER. MISTER SCHNEIDER INDICATED IT WAS AN EMERGENCY.
MY APOLOGIES TO YOU MASTER. IT SEEMS EVEN HERE IN MY MOUNTAIN TEMPLE, WE ARE NOT FREE OF THE STRIFE OF EVERYDAY LIFE.
IF YOU DID NOT HAVE A TELEPHONE, WE WOULD NOT BE DISTURBED.
IF I DIDN'T HAVE A TELEPHONE MY BUSINESS WOULD GO TO HELL AND I COULDN'T AFFORD TO BRING YOU OVER FROM TIBET.
THIS IS TRUE. I SEE THAT YOUR BUSINESS TAKES YOU TO WISCONSIN. MAY I ACCOMPANY YOU? I SPENT SOME TIME IN WISCONSIN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.
MASTER, THAT WOULD BE AN HONOR.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
UGA-BUGGA! UGA-BUGGA! DIRTY #@*$% grrr... mumble MY MOTHER! rumble mutter...
SNAP
sob!
I'LL KILL YOU, LARRY!
LARRY?

NORBERT--YOU BEAT LARRY, REMEMBER? YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HIM. THE SCHNEIDER'S ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR DESECRATING YOUR MOTHER'S BODY.
THAT'S RIGHT... THE SCHNEIDERS!
KILL THE SCHNEIDERS!
NO! WHAT IS THE LAW? NO SPILL BLOOD! IT'S TIME TO CALL THE POLICE.
KILL THE POLICE!
GONNA NEED HEAVY ORDNANCE...
EEK!
HAM, NORBERT'S GONE CRAZY!
GONE CRAZY?
HE IS CRAZY. HAS BEEN SINCE I MET HIM. CRAZIER THAN AN OUTHOUSE RAT!

HE'S BACK-SLIDING! HE'S ABOUT TO GO AFTER THE SCHNEIDERS WITH AN ASSAULT RIFLE.
I DON'T IMAGINE THAT WILL ASSIST YOU IN YOUR WORK...
BAH! ZOUNDS! NO IT WON'T. DEMME IT, MADAME. THIS COMES AT A MOST INOPPORTUNE TIME. A BIG PLAYER HAS LEFT THE WEST COAST EN ROUTE TO MILWAUKEE.
FORGET THE BIG PLAYER! HELP ME STOP NORBERT.
VERY WELL, MADAME. PLEASE BRING ME A BOTTLE OF CRABTREE AND EVELYN COLOGNE POR HOMME AND A HAIR BRUSH.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'M GOING TO SNAP HIM OUT OF IT.
TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER-- TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER...
BADGER!
WHAT?!
I SAH, MAX, YOU LOOK A MESS. YOU DON'T PLAN TO ATTEND BREAKFAST LIKE THAT, DO YOU?
HUH?
YOUR HAIR, MAX. YOUR HAIR! LET ME HELP YOU BRUSH IT...
SPLASH A LITTLE OF THIS ON...BE KIND TO THE LADIES.
YES, THANK YOU, OLD MAN...

May? Oui, monsieur!

I've always wanted to use that headline.

John Ostrander seems to be a happy guy, these days. Anina Bennett, Kim Yale, and John have been preparing the double-sized 75th issue of *Grimjack* for the last few months, and as stuff begins to pour in, John and his wife Kim just get more and more excited. The frontispiece rendered by Doug Rice and Hilary Barta came in during Fred Greenberg's Chicago comics convention, and John and Kim were ecstatic, showing it off to everyone. They stayed at the First table for hours, gushing about the special issue and pushing the rest of our line. (For which they have our undying gratitude.)

The anniversary issue's story, which caroms between two different Grimjack incarnations, depicts the *final* confrontation between Grimjack and his nemesis, the Major. Spectacular visuals by Flint Henry, Tom Sutton, and Tom Mandrake grace this 32-page lead story, and the *Youngblood* backup illustrated by Steve Pugh has made John and Kim proud as new parents.

As if that weren't enough, Anina has tracked down the the first-ever sketch of Grimjack — and it's not by Tim Truman, but by local artist Lenin Delsol. It's very different than the Grimjack we know and love today. Anina also has found a few Tim Truman pieces that have never been published. All this, along with unpublished Grimjack art by Tom Sutton, Flint Henry, Matt Feazell, and Paul Guinan, will illustrate a special text piece by John that details Grimjack's seven-year history.

Y'even get a fold-out map of Cynosure by Kim Yale and Hilary Barta. Howdaya draw a map of a pandimensional city? Heh-heh-heh. You'll see soon enough — it's a sight not to be missed.

So basically, John has been in quite a frenzy of late. He's even started work on his part of our Christmas special — but no one is supposed to know about that yet, so *shhhhhhh*. Be vewy, vewy quiet about it.

John and Kim also brought Australian author David deVries in to chat over lunch. Dave was staying with them on his visit to the U.S. His views about American foreign policy and Chicago weather were interesting. (And I thought only people from California were shaken up by the sight of snow.) It was a great lunch, and they even seemed to have a good time, sitting around and listening to me bemoan the lack of imagination in new proposals.

Howdaya draw a map of a pandimensional city? Heh-heh-heh. You'll see soon enough — it's a sight not to be missed.

All in all, we've seen a lot of John and Kim around the office, and that's always a pleasure. And listening to what John has got cooked up for the next few months of *Grimjack* is great fun. I mean, the promotional tagline for issue 76 is "PLAY THIS COMIC **LOUD**!!!"

So jump on the *Grimjack* bandwagon-from-hell with this month's lead-in to the special anniversary issue, and keep John Ostrander a happy man.

You wouldn't want to bring John down, now would you, buckies? Remember, this is the man who actually thinks up all that stuff for Flint Henry to draw. (Pretty scary, huh?)

My advice is that we all do our utmost to keep John happy. *Real* happy. Get my drift?

— Bob Garcia

FIRST IN MAY

1 Grimjack #74: Jim Talley makes a final jail break, only to fall victim to the Major. By John Ostrander and special guest artist Kelley Jones. And John Gaunt's father and wife engineer their own way in part 5 of Youngblood. Written by Ostrander and Kim Yale, and drawn by Steve Pugh.

1 Nexus #72: Sheri's quest for healing powers leads her to an asylum with renegade heads, and Horn is placed in deadly danger by Even. This is the first issue by Hugh Haynes, the new regular penciler on Nexus. By Mike Baron, Hugh Haynes, and Tony Bess.

1 Badger #63: After his mother's death, Badger must deal with the memory of the Buddha's Palm, Alaska winters, and his own personalities. Part two of two. By Mike Baron, Steven Butler, and Randy Clark.

1 Dreadstar #39: Timestorm journeys within himself to search for the power to defeat Lord Papnoc's evil regime. He calls upon the Sword of Power. By Peter David, John Calhoun, and Paul Mavrides. Plus, Dreadstar wakes up convinced he's a cyborg warrior in part 4 of his Angel by David and Steve Erwing.

1 Classics Illustrated #42: Call of the Wild: Jack London's masterpiece, adapted by Chuck Dixon and illustrated by Ricardo Villagran.

1 Lone Wolf and Cub #20: After leaving the Yagyu clan, Ogami and Daigoro become separated. By Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima. Cover painting by Matt Wagner.

1 Mike Grell's Sable #7: Jon must keep a murder witness alive. By Mike Grell. New cover by Tony Salmons.

1 Nexus Legends #17: Lucius the Huntsman takes a vacation and runs into his friend Jacques the Knight. By Mike Baron and Erik Steffenhagen. New cover painting by Steven Butler and Paul Mayo.

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grimjack

TM

75

56 PAGES
PERFECT BOUND

FEATURING AN INCREDIBLE FULL COLOR FOLD-OUT POSTER/MAP OF CYNOSURE!

JOHN OSTRANDER • KIM YALE • HILARY BARTA • FLINT HENRY • TOM MANDRAKE • TOM SUTTON • DOUG RICE • MARTIN THOMAS • STEVE PUGH

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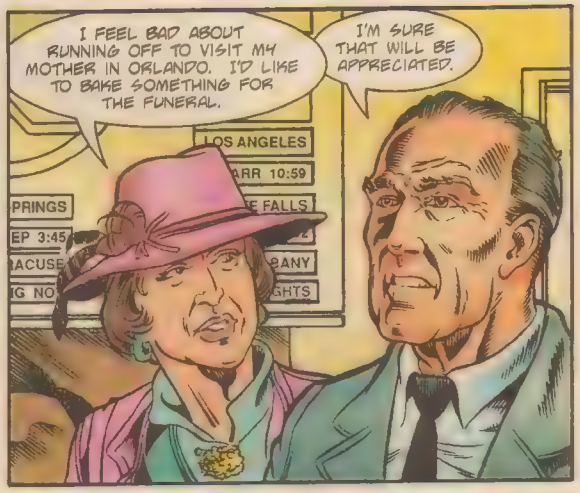
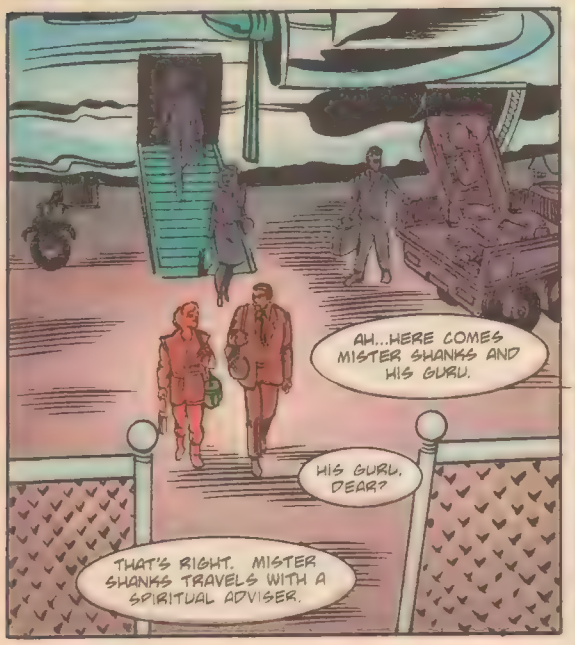
COMING IN JUNE FROM FIRST PUBLISHING

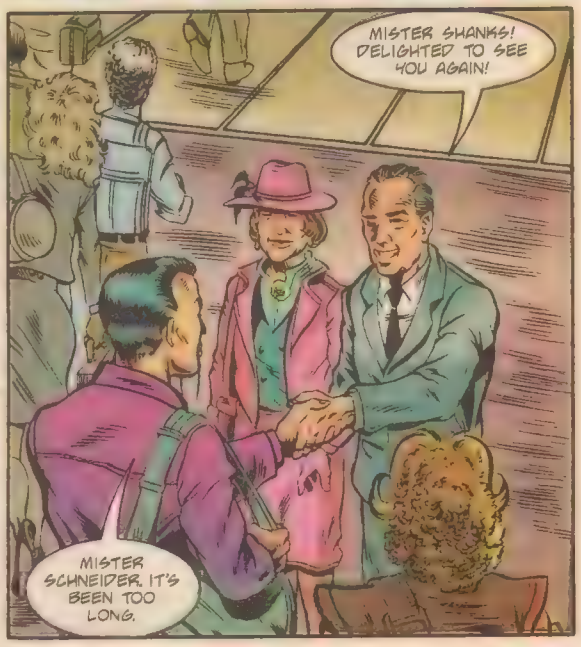
GREAT! NOW HE THINKS HE'S MAX.
MADAME REQUESTED THAT I STOP HIM. MAX IS HARMLESS.
WE WORKED FOR YEARS TO INTEGRATE HIS VARIOUS PERSONALITIES. HE SHOULD NOT BE ENCOURAGED TO SPLINTER.
WELL FORGIVE ME. I'LL GO TURN HIM BACK.
NO, NEVER MIND. YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH.
HUMPH! YOU'RE WELCOME.
GOOD MORNING... (YAWN)
WHERE'S MY HUSBAND?
BUT HUSBAND AND I WERE GOING TO DO TAI CHI...
MAX IS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM.
MAX?
MAX.
MAX AND YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE BREAKFAST INSTEAD. AND I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHY.

WHO ARE YOU MEETING AGAIN, LEMAR?
RINALDO SHANKS SENIOR, MY DEAR.
LEMAR, I THINK IT'S LOVELY THAT YOU'RE GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE FOR A FRIEND...

...BUT WHERE'S SHANKS? SHOULDN'T HE BE HERE TO GREET HIS FATHER?
SOMEBODY MUST MIND THE STORE, MY DEAR. TOMORROW'S THE FUNERAL FOR THAT YOUNG MAN KILLED IN PANAMA.
YOU WORK SO HARD...


I FEEL BAD ABOUT RUNNING OFF TO VISIT MY MOTHER IN ORLANDO. I'D LIKE TO BAKE SOMETHING FOR THE FUNERAL.
I'M SURE THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED.
LOS ANGELES


AH...HERE COMES MISTER SHANKS AND HIS GURU.
HIS GURU, DEAR?
THAT'S RIGHT. MISTER SHANKS TRAVELS WITH A SPIRITUAL ADVISER.


MISTER SHANKS! DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
MISTER SCHNEIDER. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.

THIS IS MY SPIRITUAL ADVISER, ALFRED YAK.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISTER YAK. MY WIFE MARTHA HOPES YOU'LL SHARE SOME OF YOUR MEDITATING TIPS.
IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE.
PLEASE ACCEPT A COPY OF MY BOOK, THE INNER GAZING NAVEL OF THE EYE.
OH, MISTER YAK!
CALL ME ALFRED.
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT BACK TO THE HOME. MISTER SHANKS, YOU KNOW WE'VE HAD SOME TROUBLE.
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?
I DIDN'T WANT TO UPSET YOU, MY DEAR. JUST SOME LOCAL HOT-HEADS. FRANKLY, I THINK THE GRUNDYS HIRED THEM TO PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS.
ETHEL GRUNDY? SHE'S SEVENTY YEARS OLD!
SHE'S A TOUGH OLD BIRD. OUR SUCCESS MAY HAVE UNHINGED HER.
PERHAPS SHE CAN BE REHINGED.
NOT OUR RESPONSIBILITY, MISTER YAK. WE HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO PROTECT OUR CLIENTS' DIGNITY. AH, HERE WE ARE.
VALLEY FUNERAL HOME

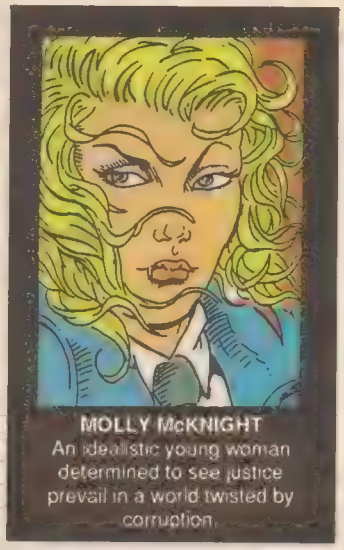
I GIVE UP! HAM DID SUCH A BRILLIANT JOB SWITCHING NORBERT'S CHANNELS, HE'S STUCK ON MAX AND WE CAN'T GET HIM OUT.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HAM? HE CREATED THE SITUATION. GOT ANY POPCORN?
IN THE CUPBOARD. THANKS FOR YOUR ADVICE.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HONORABLE HUSBAND'S DRESS UNIFORM. ESTEEMED HAM THINKS THIS WILL JAR MAX OFF TRACK.
SYKES
YES. THIS SHOULD DO NICELY.
I SAY, MAX OLD BEAN...
THORNDYKE, OLD CHAP. WHAT'S THIS?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? MILITARY UNIFORMS ARE ALL THE RAGE! HERE-- TRY THIS ON.
WOULDN'T THIS BE SMASHING AT THE ANTI-MILITARY BALL?
WE'LL SEE WHAT DAISY THINKS

I REMEMBER...
WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?
I REMEMBER THE DUST AND THE HEAT. I'VE BEEN OUT TO LUNCH, HAVEN'T I?
NORBERT!
HONORABLE HUSBAND IS FIRMLY GROUNDED IN REALITY ONCE MORE.
I DON'T WANT TO GET YOUR HOPES UP, MAVIS. NORBERT'S COME A LONG WAY, BUT A QUICK-FIX FUSION LIKE THIS IS UNLIKELY TO HAVE A LASTING EFFECT.
...BUT I LIKE MAX ALMOST AS MUCH AS BADGER. HUMBLE WIFE IS NOT LOOKING FOR QUICK FIX...
MY HOPES ARE NOT UP. I REALIZE HONORABLE HUSBAND HAS PROBLEMS...
HUMBLE WIFE IS WILLING TO SERVE, HONOR, AND OBEY REGARDLESS OF HUSBAND'S MOOD OR MENTAL CONDITION. UNITED STATES WOULD BE MORE HARMONIOUS IF MORE WIVES FELT THIS WAY.
OKAY! THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT CRAP! JESUS, MAVIS! DON'T EVER SAY THAT IN MADISON OR THEY'LL TEAR YOU APART!
THE SCHNEIDERS ARE HOLDING A MILITARY FUNERAL TODAY. WE'RE ATTENDING.
WHY NOT? A POWERFUL MYSTIC FRONT MOVED IN THIS MORNING, PLAYING HOB WITH MY PROGNOSTICATIONS. A FUNERAL WILL CHEER ME UP.

RILEY, ARE YOU GOING TO THE FUNERAL WITH US?
NOPE. I'M GOING TO THIS FUNERAL RIGHT HERE-- CUBS VERSUS BREWERS.
♪ WHEN YOU SEE A HEARSE GO BY-- THE VERY NEXT DAY YOU ARE SURE TO DIE... THEY PUT YOU IN A BIG BLACK BOX--- AND BURY YOU UNDER TONS OF ROCKS! ♪
♪ THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT-- THEY PLAY PINOCHLE ON YOUR SNOUT... AND ONE LITTLE WORM WHO ISN'T SO SHY-- CRAWLS IN YOUR EAR AND OUT YOUR EYE. ♫
VALLEY FUNERAL HOME
...AND I KNOW PRIVATE JOHANNSEN WOULD WANT YOU TO GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND ENJOY THE BUFFET. INCIDENTALLY, MY LOVELY WIFE MARTHA MADE THE POTATO SALAD.

IT IS THE Y

SGT. BILL "TURK" TURKEL
A scarred middle aged cop who's spent half his life fighting crooks and himself.



MOLLY McKNIGHT
An idealistic young woman determined to see justice prevail in a world twisted by corruption.

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THEY BELIEV
JUSTICE, A
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March, 2017: Sgt. **Bill Turkel** and Officer **Molly McKnight** begin a dangerous new assignment as special agents of the neo-government watchdog agency, **Zero Tolerance.**

Agency head **Irwin Grusky** wants them to do their patriotic duty and bring justice back to the most powerful nation in the world. **President Bone** wants to use them to regain his popularity while shielding his shadow government.

And so Turk and Molly begin an impossible mission into a world of intrigue, double-cross and death.

But when a fifty-three year old conspiracy is brought to light, no one is ready for the whole shocking truth!

THE OPENING GAMBIT BE

EAR 2017.

RO
RANCE
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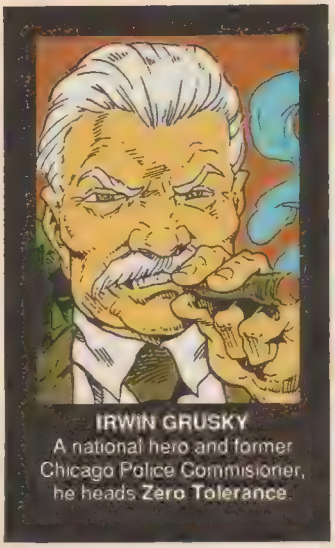
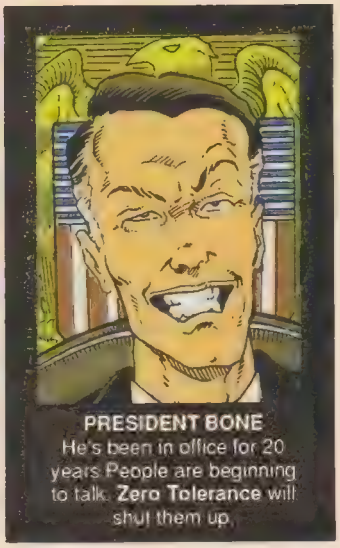


IRWIN GRUSKY
A national hero and former Chicago Police Commisioner, he heads **Zero Tolerance**.



PRESIDENT BONE
He's been in office for 20 years. People are beginning to talk. **Zero Tolerance** will shut them up.

'E IN TRUTH, MERICA, AND GHT STUFF... LIEFS MAY M KILLED.

NEW COLOR SERIES BY TIM VIGIL!

Zero Tolerance is artist **Tim Vigil's** first full-color comics work since **Badger** #52-54, and his first full color *limited series* ever!

Tim is aided and abetted by **Tim Tyler** of *Omen* fame, and new talents **David Barbour** and **Gary Amaro**, for four issues of tough, no holds barred action/adventure loaded with the kind of explosive action Tim Vigil and his cohorts are known for!

***Zero Tolerance** contains violence and strong language.*
Reader discretion is advised.

GINS IN JUNE. FIRST PUBLISHING

HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE CROISSANTS, CAPTAIN?
GREAT! THIS PASTA SALAD IS EVEN BETTER.
THE SALAD WAS MADE BY OUR HOUSE GUEST...
LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM.
HELLO, JUNIOR.
SYKES! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET OUT!
C'MON, JUNIOR--I THOUGHT THESE THINGS WERE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES, PAST OR PRESENT.
I OUGHT TO SMASH YOUR FACE, BUT YOUR MOTHER'S HERE AND SHE MAKES A GREAT POTATO SALAD. SO AHMINA WAIT.
YOU CAN ALWAYS CALL THE COPS.
WHAT THE HELL--I THINK I'LL CALL THE COPS MYSELF.
HE'S HERE! THE ONE I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
SO I SEE.

HOWEVER, MY SPIRITUAL ADVISER TELLS ME IT WOULD BE UNWISE FOR ME TO CONTEST THIS PERSON.
I KNOW THAT FELLOW. HE IS THE BADGER.
YOU MEAN MY DAD FLEW YOU OUT HERE FOR NOTHING? WHAT ABOUT SHANKS? DOES HE GO ALONG WITH THIS?
I HAVE NOT SEEN MY SON. I FEAR HE HAS LEARNED WESTERN WAYS TOO WELL.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT MEANS HE IS CONSUMED WITH THE FIVE PASSIONS. HE DOES NOT ACCEPT MISFORTUNE AS PART OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.
FINE! ME AND SHANKS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM OURSELVES.
"SHANKS AND I"
THERE HE IS, OFFICER.
LEMAR, I HAVE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...
WHAT ABOUT, SHERIFF?
ONE OF MY DEPUTIES JUST RADIOED IN FROM YOUR CERAMICS FACTORY. HE FOUND SOME DISTURBING ITEMS IN THE KILN.
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE WITHOUT A WARRANT!
'FRAID I CAN, LEMAR. THE FRONT DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN. THE DEPUTY COULD SEE THE COFFINS AND SOME BONES.

WHAT ABOUT SYKES? HE SHOWS UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT DRESSED LIKE A HOBGOBLIN, WITH SIX BLACK GUYS WITH GUNS!
ARREST HIM FOR ASSAULT, BREAKING AND ENTERING, UNLAWFUL POSSESSION...
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT. MISTER SYKES SUGGESTED WE CHECK YOUR KILN BECAUSE HE WAS UPSET OVER THE WAY YOU HANDLED HIS MOTHER'S CREMATION.
WE ALSO HAVE REPEATED COMPLAINTS FROM ONE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS...
FADIMAN! THAT OLD KIKE!
THE POLICE ARE TAKING THE SCHNEIDERS INTO CUSTODY.
GOOD RIDDANCE! THIS PASTA SALAD IS DELICIOUS! WHO MADE IT?
THANK YOU, BADGER. I MADE THE SALAD.
YAK!
THE VERY SAME.
WHAT AM I DOING IN THIS UGLY UNIFORM? THIS IS SYKES!
OH DEAR...
HONORED HUSBAND HAS JUST UNDERGONE PERSONALITY CHANGE. WE HAD HOPED TO LEAVE BADGER HOME TODAY...
I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND THE BADGER A DELIGHTFUL FELLOW.
GUH!
ME TOO, BUT OTHERS DO NOT.

SO! THE CAUSE OF THE DISRUPTIVE MYSTIC FRONT BECOMES EVIDENT. WELCOME TO WISCONSIN, YAK.
HAMMAGLYSTWYTH. I WAS HOPING YOU'D GREET ME THIS WAY.
I'VE FORSAKEN THE OLD WAYS. I'M IN DIVERSIFIED MONEY MARKETS NOW...COMMODITIES, THAT SORT OF THING.
HOW GRATIFYING. I HOPE THAT MY SUDDEN APPEARANCE WON'T CAUSE THE BADGER ANY PROBLEMS.
HE'LL BE FINE. HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT SALAD? WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK WITH US FOR A FEW DAYS?
I MIGHT DO THAT. TELL ME... HAVE YOU HEARD FROM YETI?
SIX HOURS LATER.
COURTHOUSE
THANKS FOR GETTING US OUT, SAM.
I STILL DON'T GET THIS KILN BUSINESS...
SAM, YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW. JUNIOR'S TAKING CARE OF IT RIGHT NOW. DID YOU ARRANGE THOSE BANK TRANSFERS?
WAIT A MINUTE, LEMAR. YOU ASSURED ME YOU'D DONE NOTHING CRIMINAL.
WELL, SAM, WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS. I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT.
I SEE. PERHAPS I'D BETTER HAVE A DISCUSSION WITH THE SHERIFF.

DAMN! THEY MUST'VE FOUND THE HEROIN BY NOW...
I WONDER WHERE SHANKS WENT.
CLARK CERAMICS

I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU HAD THE SAME IDEA.
SHANKS! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, SHANKS?
REVENGE
OH, SYKES?
SYKES CAN WAIT...

THE OLD BUSYBODY FADIMAN CAN'T.
I LIKE IT! ALL RIGHT, SHANKS! YOU SURE HAVE LEARNED A LOT SINCE YOU CAME.

THE OLD GOAT'S PROBABLY GOT SOME LOOT STASHED AWAY...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOU TIN-PLATED NAZI.
BAMP
POW
SHANKS, COME ON IN. FARMER FADIMAN'S EXPECTING US.
SHANKS CAN'T MAKE IT.
BUDDHA'S PALM MET RILEY'S OAK. THE TIBETAN MUGGER MET THE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER.

THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT--
THEY PLAY PINOCHLE ON YOUR SNOUT...
BASH

AND ONE LITTLE WORM...
BRAK
WHO ISN'T SO SHY...
BOK
CRAWLS IN YOUR EAR...
BOD
BOD
AND OUT YOUR...
WHOA, BADGER-- WHOA!

HUH?
YOU MESSED HIM UP ENOUGH.
EVEN SCHNEIDER JUNIOR HAS A MOTHER.
THAT'S RIGHT, I MET HER...
...SHE MAKES A GREAT POTATO SALAD.
COME ON-- LET'S GET THE COPS.
YOU OKAY, MISTER FADIMAN?
YOU BOYS GO ON...
I DON'T IMAGINE JUNIOR'S GOING TO GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE.
WE GOT A PROBLEM HERE...
NO WE DON'T.
WE HAVE THE DAWN OF A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
end

Salutations!

To begin with, I loved the cover of *Badger* #60. Usually when buying a book, I pick it up and look at the contents and such before buying it. This time, I just picked it up and looked inside later.

The story was as good as the cover. "What If the Three Stooges Had Evil Twins?" (the Chisums fit that bill very nicely) would have done nicely for a title, but it's apparently too long. Yours obviously works better.

I'm mad at Ham! I had fifty bucks on the outcome of the Parnelli-Swartzbaum race and he ruined it! Boy, to not see them win is one thing, but to not even see them finish... it broke my heart!!

I think your new penciller is great. I look forward to more issues with him. Lastly, I want to commend you for another promising new year with *Badger*.

Robert J. Spassov
7097 Dolphin St.
Bolivar, OH 44612

We all lost money on that race, but are you really going to complain to a guy who with just a couple of easily-obtained goats can turn you, and all your offspring, into acne-ridden, pre-pubescent teenagers for all eternity? I thought not.

[Sheeesh, I have to stop taking this stuff so seriously.]

Yo Larry,

Oh my goodness! Oh my gosh! Golly gee (and the like)! He's back! The man behind the mask! I was really worried about the future of my favorite role model, but you have brought the river back to Dry Gulch, Steven B.!

And he's here to stay! I was really kind of scared. No longer did I look forward to my frequent visits to the local sci-fi emporium. My lust for life was gone. Badger had lost his zest, his pinache, his biff-bang-bonko-blamski! I was confused at first, but then I came to the conclusion that someone had been putting drain cleaner in your Wheatina. But now!

The truth shows its beautiful head. It was a test. A test to measure the loyalty of we, the true fans of Norb's fanaticisms. You were trying to leave the old, the weak, and the sick in the dust. (No offense to old, weak sickos.) Well, here we are, the true lovers of that lunacy that you introduced us to in the early eighties. We're here to stay, too. At least I am. Just as I have been for the past eighty-two some odd issues, spin-offs, and mini-series.

We have found salvation and their names are Mike Baron and Steven Butler. You have concocted the proper mixture for success, and we are grateful. Keep up the good work gentlemen.

P.S. Why is Mavis' wedding band on the wrong finger on the cover of #60? It's another test, isn't it?!

Rustin W. Sparks
2509 Acacia Ct.
Norman, OK 73072

Sure is, Rustin, and you were the only one who noticed it. You've passed.

Dear Buckies,

Steven Butler and Randy Clark make one hell of a fine team for *Badger*, and after #61, all one can hope for is that their run on the series be at least as long as Bill Reinhold's. They're zany and gritty, and so what if the National Coalition of Television Violence is upset? They shouldn't be reading comic books anyway!

"A Bunch of Stooges" had a clear Moe in Bill Chisum, and an obvious Curly in Curly (why, soitinly!), but Bo was no Larry... and Badger didn't call anyone "Larry" in 26 pages!

No matter (a frequent thought with this book), for Ham as Clive Barker's Pinhead, Mavis as animal rightist and summoner of demons, the riotous Ratfinque as the coolest talking funny-car ornament around, the incantation, and the Badger's thrashing of the Stooges kept me happy.

However, when Ham mentioned Riley, I wished that there'd been more folks on hand: Mr. Thorp would be one, as would Ms. Fields, and while Mrs. Sykes will be around in #62, I suspect that Badger Blanche won't be around for more than a fatal accident. Mike Baron's supporting characters are as much a pleasure to encounter as his leading players, so the least he could do is spotlight some of them!

On the animal front, Lamont must be rested up from his epic race with the emu, and I'd welcome Babe back if her master, the peerless Paul Bunyan, is with her. And what about Dog? (No, not Columbo's basset!)

Definitely forget the Marines! Fuzz Forever! (Whoooooo? Why you, of course, mouse muncher!)

P.S. Bob Garcia, you are as young as you feel, and I thank you for printing my letter in "Dear Larry." Rapidly aging you may be, but senile you are not...

Charles Sperling
37-15 Parsons Blvd.
Flushing, NY 11354

Some would say that my printing your letter was definitely a sign of senility, Charles. But all that aside...

Mavis is in the spotlight next issue, as she tries to save "Quint."

Dear Larry,

I used to say that Reinhold was the best artist you ever had working on *Badger*, but now with Steven Butler on the team, I'm not so sure of that anymore. I love the cover of issue 60. I've never seen Badger look quite so psychotic and he keeps up the standard all through the book. Keep a hold of this guy for a long, long time.

I have a question though: I thought that speaking to animals was Badger's job, not Mavis's, and

"I love the cover of Badger 60. I've never seen Badger look quite so psychotic and he keeps up the standard all through the book. Keep a hold of this guy for a long, long time."

besides isn't she a doctor and not a veterinarian?

Beyond these confusing points, #60 was an excellent issue and I hope the work stays this good.

Ben Cannon
3250 Hurst Rd.
North Pole, AK 99705

Where Mavis learned her craft, it was necessary to be all things, a vet, a nurse, a doctor, etc. You name it, she can do it. Now, for how she got her information out of King Kamehameha... well, Badger told her. Yeah, that's it. Badger told her.

Barneveldians,

Baron! Butler! Badger! Best Bombastic Bunch! Beasts! Bikers! Butchers! Best Burlesque! Bumps! Bruises! Broken Bones! Best Bloody Bashing! Brawls! Brews! Babes! Best Bedlam! Best Book! Bravissimo!!!

Boastfully,
Badger's Battling Bud,
Escrima
211 W. Third St. #2
Alliance, NE 69301

Beautiful.

Larry:

Grad student, political science. Should be studying. Instead am reading and writing to *Badger*. Better for the intellect, I say. Favorite comic of all time? *Badger*. Favorite animal of all time? Lamont, followed closely by Clonezone. Best *Badger* issue? Badger and Lamont in the mall. But the serious issues rip it up as well.

Congratulations on #59. "Style" managed to combine the zaniness that some of us love with the social messages that all of us should love. The artwork was awe-inspiring, though I wouldn't want it on a regular basis. More Ham and Daisy pleeeeze, not to imply disrespect for Mavis. And have Badge kick the #^%* out of the Chisum Boys, though not Shirley Chisolm. Steven Butler's work was outstanding on #60.

One last note before I return to Thomas Kuhn and Aristotle: Yesterday I went to my comic store. The only issues I bought were *Badger* and *Nexus*. Congratulations.

Dave Smalley
1552 Prospect Ave. F.
San Gabriel, CA 91776

Very small sentences indicate very small thoughts? Hmmmm?

Hey Bob—

RE: *Badger* #61.

A punk rock bull?

A bull sperm sacrifice?

And a game of chicken betwixt Ratfinque, Demon God of Hotrodders (what a great diety!!) and Motorhead, complete with stylish Lemmy tattoo?

By George, I think Mike's got it!!

And I know Steven Butler's got it!

I like his visuals quite a bit, and his panel layouts are among the most bizarre I've ever seen. But the angularity factor really works. Also, I think his Badger is over-all better than anyone else's rendition except Ron Lim's. But I wish you'd assign him another inker.

And when's Ham gonna take those damn pins outta his noggin?! He looks like an X-Men reject!!

Seeya at Munden's.

Uncle Elvis
1598 Ft. Campbell Blvd.
Clarksville, TN 37042

Ach, those pesky mutants.

Dear Larry,

Let me open by saying that I am not a comic book collector — I only read them every so often. But I have found a comic I am willing to collect and read again and again — just to look at it.

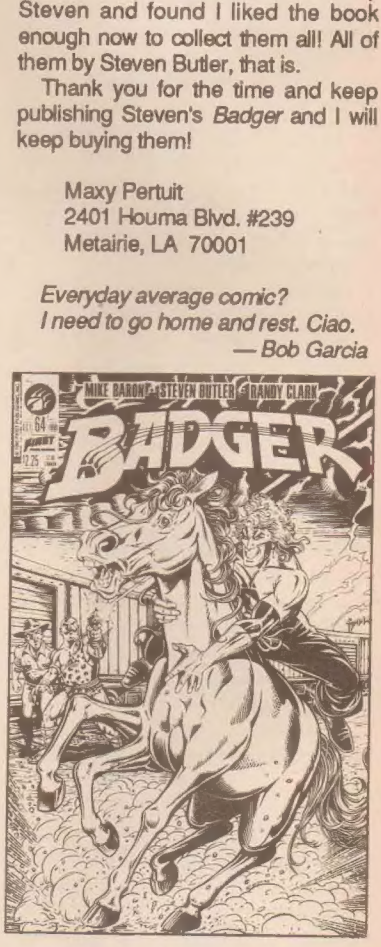
I am talking about the new *Badger* series with artist Steven Butler! His artwork is incredible! This is not your everyday average comic anymore — thanks to Steven!

The only reason I even picked up the book was because of the cover by Steven and found I liked the book enough now to collect them all! All of them by Steven Butler, that is.

Thank you for the time and keep publishing Steven's *Badger* and I will keep buying them!

Maxy Pertuit
2401 Houma Blvd. #239
Metairie, LA 70001

Everyday average comic?
I need to go home and rest. Ciao.
— Bob Garcia



NEXT ISSUE: Okay, she's not on the cover, but Mavis Davis Sykes, MD,. is going to kick serious butt this issue when an evil carny owner tries to run out on a deal with her. Oh yeah, Badger helps. By **Mike Baron, Steven Butler,** and **Randy Clark.**

The Gentlemen Prefer

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HAYNES

New penciller Hugh Haynes joins writer Mike Baron beginning in

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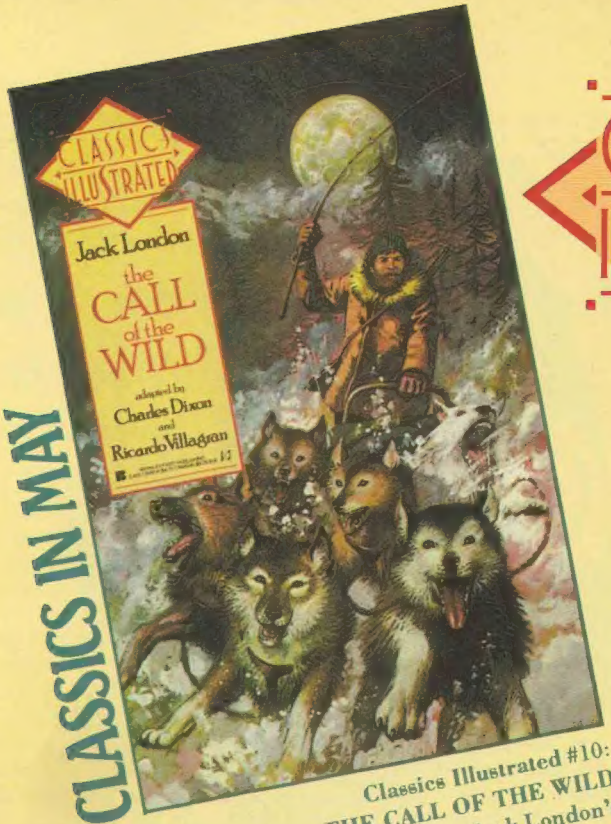

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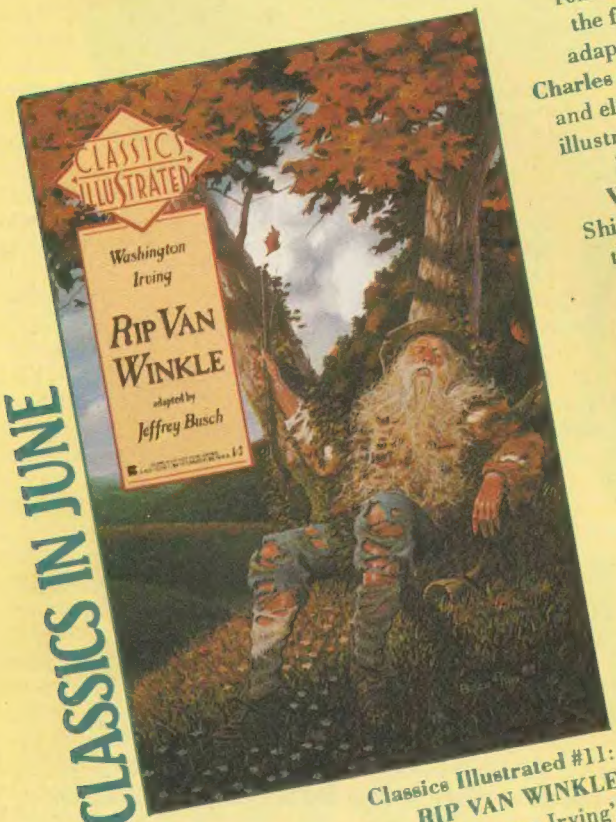

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